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to finding pets. Our boys are really the most wonderful on earth; I'm going to miss them like everything. All the boys think of now is getting home. Their jokes are all about getting stuck here. One of the boys said to me this morning: "Nurse, do you know what I dreamed?" I said, "I suppose you dreamed you were home." Said he, "Yes, I dreamed I was home and it was 1940, and I met General Pershing on the street and said to him, 'General, do you remember the 90th Division?' and he said 'Yes, I surely do; and that reminds me, they are still in Germany drilling five hours a day.'" We were lucky enough to get to Nice, before coming up here. It is a most heavenly place; fields of hot-house roses, orange groves, olive trees, palms, the blue sea, and rarest of all commodities in sunny France,—sunshine.

Germany

G.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PRIVATE DUTY NURSE

I.

Dear Editor: I would thank you for your understanding editorial on the private duty nurse, in the April JOURNAL. Too often the private duty nurse, like the woman that lives out her life being just mother, is taken for granted, and she feels that she has much hard work and makes many sacrifices without much appreciation.

New Jersey

E. P.

II.

Dear Editor: Please let me thank you for your editorial in the March JOURNAL, The Sphere of the Private Duty Nurse, also your April editorial. It certainly is a comfort to have one who understands private duty from the ground floor up, proud of the fact and willing to say so. Public health and industrial nursing is, after all, the pioneer work of well-trained private duty nurses.

Wisconsin

M. E. R.

A PROSE POEM ON THE EPIDEMIC

Dear Editor: I am sending you a letter which was sent me during the recent epidemic, written by a woman who volunteered for service in her home town.

"I take my pen in hand to say I hope you're feeling well to-day and that this horrid Spanish flu has fastened not its grip on you. So far, I'm feeling pretty good but think I'd better tap on wood, for goodness knows when I'll be down. This pesky flu's all over town! And white and black and rich and poor are all included in its tour. It's hit towns large of population and little huts in isolation. No man knoweth whence it came but it has got here just the same. And there is borne on all the breezes the sound of coughs and sniffs and sneezes. Six days and nights I've had to nurse two victims of this latest curse. Thank heaven! They are slightly better, and hence my pep to write this letter. Believe you me, they've kept me busy. I've turned about till I am dizzy. I've had no time to scout around but!—nothin' doin' up in town. The picture shows are closed up tight, the soda fountains have the blight, and everybody stays at home (safety first—afraid to roam). High prices, war and conservation are now passé in conversation. And all the talk that's in the air is of this Epizootic scare. No use to let it get your goat. Just sit right calmly in the boat. Well, I must stop immediately. I hear my sick ones calling me; I wonder what they're wanting now. No doubt, another 'plaint for chow. They lie in bed and think up eats that would require digestive feats. So now, good-bye! Again I'll say I hope you're feeling well today."

Virginia

S. V. T.